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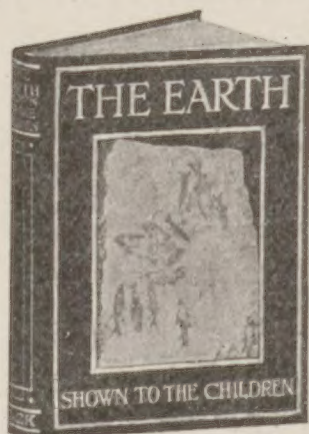
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JANUARY 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

HOW THE WEAVERS CAME TO THE EAST COUNTRY



I.

STEPHEN DANE was seated on the roots of an old oak tree, watching his flock feed on the coarse grass that grew along the river bank. In spite of the long drought there had always been pasturage in the valley of the Stour; and now that rain had fallen overnight the whole thirsty country would soon again produce food for sheep and cattle.

Stephen was the son of the old serf who had all his life been flockmaster to the earl who held sway over Ballingdon, that part of the town of Suthby which lies in Essex, on one side of the river Stour. In spite of his mop of hair, coarse clothes, and naked legs, he was a handsome youth, with far more intelligence than was to be found in most of the lads of his own age.

True, though nearly seventeen, he could neither read nor write; but education in those days was not for his class. Yet the flockmaster could trust his young son to guard the valuable ewes from wolves and robbers, and he had sent him with them some four or five miles down the valley where the pasturage was good.



In one of the grassy glades which ran from the forest-clad hills to the valley he had built himself a hut of branches, and for some weeks he had lived alone in it, with only his knife and crook as protection for himself and his charges. But now that rain had fallen the lad's heart rejoiced, for he would be able to work his way up the river to his homestead on the outskirts of Suthby, and see his father, of whom he had had no news for three weeks.

II.

Much had occurred in these three weeks to disturb and mystify him. From time to time he had seen small parties of strange men and women travelling towards Suthby along the river's bank. He had known no one to ask whether they were friends or foes, so always at their approach he had driven his flock into the forest, and had waited there till the travellers had passed.

This evening, as he sat on the roots of the old oak tree, he was intently watching a little party who were moving slowly across the sodden ground. The sun, after the late deluges of rain, had drawn a mist from the earth, and now at evening the whole country was shrouded with a white blanket of fog. He trusted to it to screen him, and

he did not move from his seat, though the little train passed within thirty yards of him.

What curious people they were! In their long brown habits they made him think of the Franciscan friars he

had once seen in Suthby. Some of the travellers led pack-horses, loaded with bales of strange-looking timber, and all carried burdens. Behind the party lagged a young girl. At times she plucked at the wild irises growing by the river bank, but there was no spirit in her movements, and she walked as if tired out.

A gleam of the setting sun fell on her head, and showed to the lad hair as fair as his own, and then the mist came down and shut the travellers out. He fell to thinking. Twenty miles down, the river, as he knew, emptied itself into the sea; and across that sea, so Father Simeon had told him, dwelt people with strange customs and manners, different from his own.

Perhaps these people had crossed the sea, and were coming to pay Suthby a visit. So interested was he that he rose from his seat, and went down to the river to see if he could gain any knowledge from their tracks. A faint cry broke the stillness of the night. Stephen paused to listen; it was not the note of any bird he knew.

The cry was repeated. "Some one wants help," said Stephen to himself. He parted the rushes and called softly, and presently an answering cry brought him to a crouching figure. The moon gave him sufficient light to recognize the girl he had seen plucking flowers on the river's bank. He bounded forward, and as the girl raised her head from her hands she gave a cry of alarm at sight of the wild-looking youth who had appeared from out of the fog.

She spoke in a language he could not understand, but he could see that she was much frightened, and he said gently,—

"I will not hurt you; come with me to my hut."

He held out his hand to raise her up, but she was weak from hunger and exposure, and could not stand. So Stephen picked her up, and in his strong arms bore her to his little hut at the foot of the hills.

He found some black bread, and gave the girl ewes' milk to drink; and as the June evening was as cold as March, he lit a fire, and together they sat over it to eat their food. Stephen talked in English, while the girl answered in her strange tongue, and neither understood a word the other said, but somehow it was clear to each what the other meant. They laughed and chatted as if they had been friends for a long time.

"My name is Stephen," said the lad.

"My name is Brigitte," said the girl; and as they spoke each seemed to recognize some words in the other's language, so they thought they could not be such strangers after all.

Brigitte's eyes grew heavy, so Stephen went into

the hut and made of his sheepskin rugs a bed for her to sleep on. He piled dry sticks on his fire outside, and sat down beside it. He did not mean to sleep that night, for day would break at three, and he must wake the girl and prepare his sheep for the five-mile walk to Suthby. Brigitte's friends would wonder at her absence, and he must try to find them and restore her to them as soon as possible.

III.

It was the fair day of St. Peter and St. Paul, and when the lad and girl reached the Croft they found the town astir, and all the people abroad; some were buying, some were selling, some bargaining for goods they wanted but could not afford. Friars, beggars, jugglers, gypsies, pretty girls like Brigitte, rough-clad men like Stephen, were all intent on business or amusement. At one end of the ground was a great crowd of people, and Stephen saw in the midst of it the strange-shaped hats of the brown-habited travellers of the night before. He led Brigitte towards the crowd.

Evidently the strangers had angered the people of the place. They were shouting and shaking their fists, and threatening to destroy a strange-looking thing, made of wood and strings, at which a man sat working. The mayor and his brethren were trying to guard the strangers, while the town bailiff and his men pushed back the mob. Presently the mayor's voice was heard above the din.

"Villains, curs! ye'll leave your noise, anon. These are honourable men from Flanders; and, look you, they have brought with them a royal licence from our good King Edward, giving them permission to come hither. They will buy our wool, and teach us to make cloth.—Sirs, in Suthby's name, I bid you welcome! What would ye with us?"

One of the strangers stepped forward. He spoke in English, and Stephen could hear the words.

"We come to do your town good, not harm; we come to buy your wool and weave it into fine cloth. 'Twill make Suthby a town of note. But first I pray your worship's goodness to furnish me with trusty men who know the country well; for last evening in the fog my little daughter lost our party, and she must now be wandering about the country exposed to the dangers of robbers and wolves."

Stephen lifted Brigitte in his arms, and pointed to the Fleming. She struggled to be free, and when he had put her to the ground, with a cry that sounded to his ears like the words "Father, father!" she rushed towards the man, pushing back the crowd with her arms. "Brigitte, Brigitte!" cried her



father; and, lifting her, clasped her to his heart. "See," said she, "this good shepherd lad found me, and took care of me all night, and brought me here."

The crowd, interested in the scene, pushed Stephen forward.

"I thank thee, lad," said the Fleming, and took the boy's hand.—"Master Mayor, with your permission I will make this lad my first apprentice. I will purchase his freedom, and teach him our trade. For this good act he—yea, and your town as well—shall be rewarded, and one day Suthby shall weave cloth fine enough for the robes of your king."

The words came true, for the Flemings settled in Suthby and made the town famous for its cloth and silk and velvet. And Stephen, the flockmaster's son and serf of the lord of Ballingdon, was made a free man, and became apprentice, and, in time, master weaver, as well as a rich man; and when Brigitte grew up she fell in love with him and married him, and their children built the cloth halls and carried on the industry that has made Sudbury famous to this day. For the art has never been lost, and the velvet used in the coronation robes of King George the Fifth was made on the very same kind of loom that the Flemings set up in the fair of St. Peter and St. Paul in the reign of Edward the Second.

Good Stories.

A Drink of Pins and Needles.

BETTY would keep on asking to taste Daddy's soda-water, though he warned her she would not like it.

"And you *don't*, do you?" he said, watching her face screw up at her first sip.

"It is not bad," responded Betty. "But it's funny. *It tastes like when my foot's asleep.*"

How, Indeed?

"Lost: Half Persian Cat."

Mollie read the notice, and then looked up at her mother with a troubled face.

"But, mother," she said, "when they find the half, *how will they put the cat together again?*"

Nervous Tremors.

"You shouldn't eat the apple jelly with your spoon, Bobbie," said Bobbie's aunt at teatime. "Put it on your bread."

"I've tried to, Auntie," Bobbie answered, "but it won't stay there. It's too nervous."



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



THE motorist had had the misfortune to upset his car, and so he telephoned to the nearest garage for assistance.

"Hallo! can you send me help?" he called over the 'phone. "I've turned turtle."

"Sorry," came back the reply. "This is a garage; what you want is the Zoo!"

(Sent in by HENRY JONES.)

Teacher. "Why are you so late for school this morning, Billy?"

Billy. "I've got a new pair of boots and mother forgot to cut the string."

(Sent in by MAY JARVIS.)

"Did you give the penny to the monkey?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father who played the organ."

JOHN came down to breakfast one morning looking troubled.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I found a feather in my bed last night, and I'm afraid I'm going to have the chicken pox!"

"Now, Frank, if they pass you cake a second time at the party, you must say, 'No, thanks, I've had plenty.' And don't you forget it."

All went well with the boy until the hostess said kindly, "Won't you have another piece of cake?"

"No, thanks. I've had enough and don't you forget it!" was the astonishing reply.

BILL had a serious misunderstanding with his elder cousin Conrad that he had carefully concealed from his mother. When he came home from school, she said, "Bill, what would you like to give Cousin Conrad for his birthday to-morrow?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," replied Bill, vengefully, "but I'm not big enough."

"CAN any member of the class tell anything about waves?" asked the school teacher.

After a moment's pause Nora answered, "There are three kinds."

"You may name them, please."

"Ocean waves, thought waves, and Marcel waves," was the reply.

Bible Story.

John, the Companion of Jesus.

BY ROBERT BIRD.

I. THE AGED DISCIPLE.

LONG ago, in the great city of Ephesus, there lived a very old and good man. He was so famous that people came to look at him as he sat at his house door. Strangers from afar came to speak with him and hear his stories, for John was the last of the apostles. Some had been killed, some had died at home—they were all gone except this old, white-haired man, ninety years of age, the only man living that had spoken with Jesus.

When people asked him questions about Jesus he told them things not written in books, and that never will be. He was His cousin and companion. For three years he went about with Him everywhere. He could tell what Jesus looked like ; what He said and did. What John knew would have filled many books. And so, with wrinkled face and silvery hair, he sat in the shade at his door, a wonder to all, for he had held by the hand—yes, kissed on the cheek—JESUS OF NAZARETH.

On fine days his friends carried him out on a coloured mat called his bed, to rest in the open air in the shelter of the house porch, where the sunlight flickered through the vines and the orange trees cast their shadows on the path. He talked of childhood and the years gone by. Children left their mothers to stand by his knee and look up into his face and watch his smile, for he loved little children. When he heard their voices about him, and the voices of their mothers and fathers, he raised his withered hand to bless them, saying,—

"Little children, love one another ! Little children, love one another !"

They did not know John was repeating the words of Jesus to His disciples sixty years ago. He remembered the place where Jesus spoke the words—the size of the room, the glow of the lamp upon His white tunic, and face, and hair ; the faces of the disciples gazing at Him. He remembered it all as if it had been yesterday.

It happened in a house in Jerusalem, on the night before Jesus was killed. He was at supper with His disciples, all young men, John of Bethsaida perhaps the youngest. The supper was to be joyful, and the room was cheerfully lit by lamps hanging from the roof, casting a soft light upon the white table, dishes,

red wine, and faces of men reclining on bright cushions of red and green. Peter and John prepared it all, and John was sitting nearest to Jesus, so close that he could whisper to Him.

John remembered that the supper was in a large room upstairs, so that they might be private. The sounds of the city came in at the open window, and the moon and stars could be seen in a blue sky.

When the supper of roast lamb and bread and wine was ended, Jesus spoke much to them, telling them that to-morrow He would be killed ; but they did not believe it. He then gave them His new commandment. John knew the commandments of Moses, but this was not one of them. Jesus repeated it several times.

"I give you a new commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

John remembered the very words, and afterwards wrote them down as he had heard them from Jesus' lips.

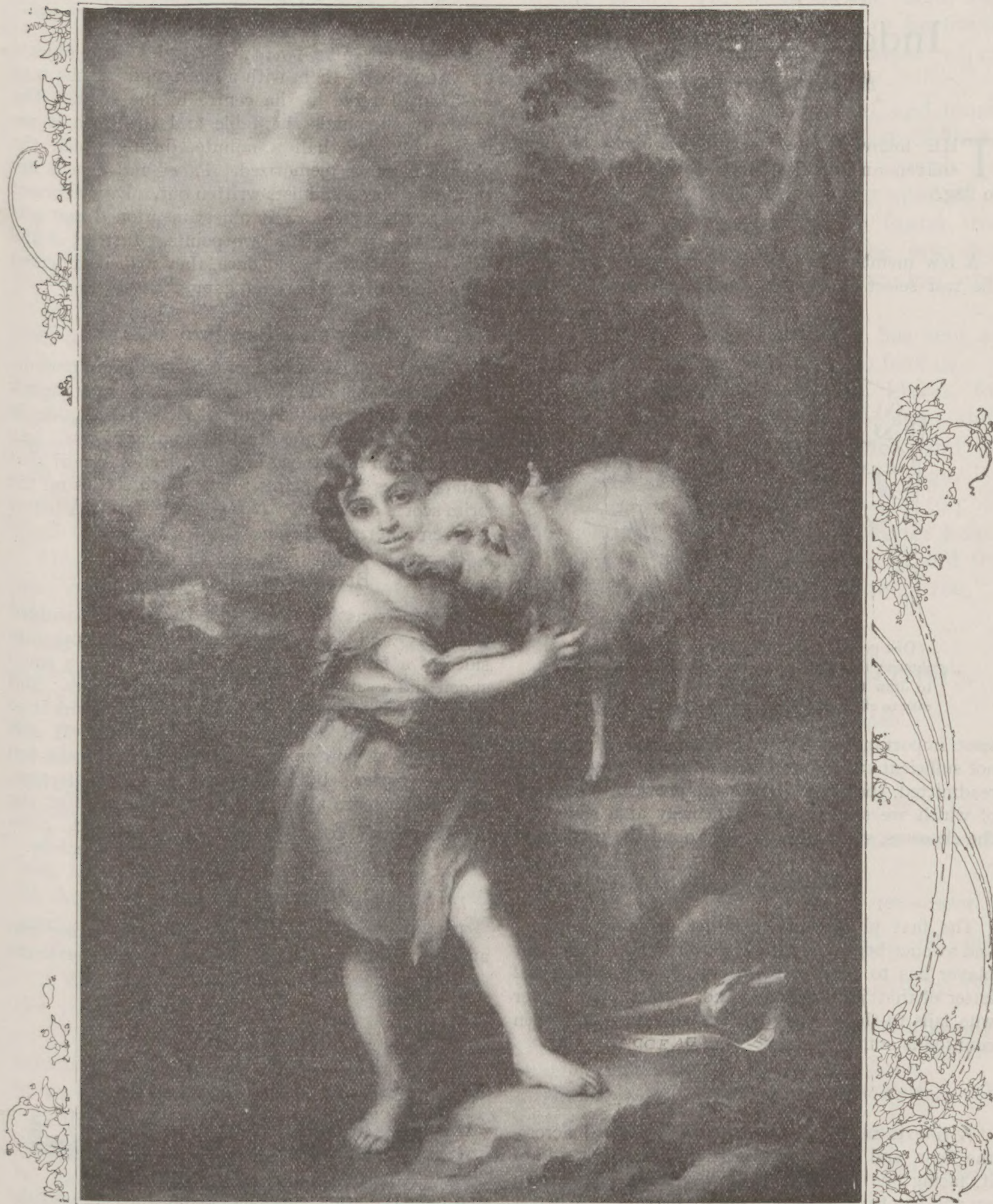
Long ago, as a dark-haired boy, John leapt the streams that wandered across the flowery plain of Gennesaret, bathed in the blue lake, sailed boats, climbed hills, played games with other children, perhaps with the boy Jesus Himself. As a youth, he rowed his father's fishing-boat until, a young man, he left all to follow Jesus. For three years he was His closest companion—the disciple whom Jesus loved.

Now, if there is one about whose companionship with Jesus we should like to know, surely John is the man. What he thought of Him ; what he heard the people say in their astonishment, their joy, and their gratitude ; what he heard Jesus say, and what the priests said. What John saw Him do with His hands ; how Jesus could cut down a tree, saw planks of wood, hammer nails, make doors. And what were John's feelings of hope and depression when the people believed or disbelieved in Jesus.

And now I will tell you the story of his long life, as a man, in history, living among his own people. The pictures will be pieced and patched, with days of sunshine and shadow, of calm and storm ; for he lived under thirteen emperors, with Jerusalem—and Rome itself—in flames. What he wrote will be woven into his everyday thought and speech, in the fields of Galilee, the streets of Jerusalem, in the Temple itself. Among the first men to follow Jesus, he was the last to leave with Mary, His mother, as he led her away from the foot of the Cross.

In the footsteps of the beloved disciple we shall renew our companionship with the Friend of little children, the Light of the World.

[Succeeding chapters of this series will trace the life of the Beloved Disciple.]



ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB.

(From the painting by Murillo in the National Gallery, London.)

Indoor Games and Amusements.

THE following are selected as likely to help enliven an evening party, should things begin to flag.

SHOUTED PROVERBS.

A few members of the party quit the room, and the rest select a proverb, taking a word each, the



One person sits with forefingers touching, as shown; the other seizes the wrists and tries to draw the finger tips apart. It looks very easy to effect the separation; but try it.

least important words being duplicated if there be not sufficient to go round. The "outs" having been readmitted, they try to guess the proverb, the words of which are shouted simultaneously at a signal by the choosers, standing in a ring round the guessers.

SHOUTED TOWNS.

The first player calls out the name of a town, and at once begins counting up to twenty. The next player has to name a town *beginning* with the *last* letter of that just named. And so on. Any player who fails to think of a town before twenty has been counted is out of the game.

FEATHER PUFFING.

A line is made on, or a string stretched across, the floor, and the two sides stand on either side of it, facing one another. A downy feather is thrown up and has to be kept floating by blowing. When it comes to ground the party on the other side of the line scores a point. Players must not cross the line.

MEMORY TESTS.

Place a dozen to twenty easily described objects on a tray, cover them with a cloth, and lay the tray on a small table in the centre of the room. The company surrounds the table and the cloth is removed for, say, half a minute, during which the objects must be memorized. Paper and pencils are then distributed and lists written out. Every correct name scores a point; any object mentioned that was not on the tray forfeits two points. Instead of the lists being written out at once, they may be deferred till a quiet interval between games.

THROWING CARDS INTO A HAT.

A man's stiff hat is laid on the floor brim upwards. The company is divided into two sides, and a pack of cards is distributed among each. Each side in turn tries to throw the greatest number of cards into the hat from a distance of 6 to 8 feet. A card that enters scores three points; one which settles on the brim scores one point. *N.B.*—Cards fly much better if given a horizontal spin.

BLIND MAN'S BREAKFAST.

Two persons are blindfolded with well-padded kerchiefs, and set facing one another on opposite sides of a fairly wide table. Each is given a small spoon and a saucer containing a few chocolates; and each in turn scoops up a sweet and administers it to the other, until the supply is exhausted. If soft food, such as jam or rice pudding, be used, the fun will be greater; but the table will need protection, and napkins must be tied round the necks of the performers. The "breakfast" can be made competitive, with several pairs at work simultaneously.

COCK-FIGHTING.

The two performers sit on the floor facing one another, with stout sticks passed under the knees



and over the arms, the shins being grasped with the hands. Each then endeavours to get his toes under the other's feet and turn him over on to his back.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Angel Guest.

THIS is a pretty story which was told in the olden days, in the house which belonged to the monks of Ripon.

At one time there lived in this house a very good man of the name of Cuthbert.

Now each monk in the place had his own work to do; and Cuthbert's work was to look after any poor people who might come to the house to ask for food and for a bed for the night.

Cuthbert loved the work, and was very kind to all who came to him.

One winter morning, when the snow was on the ground, he rose before it was day. After he had said his prayers he went down to the room where travellers sometimes stayed to rest.

There he found a young man who seemed to be very tired. "You are welcome, brother," said Cuthbert gently. Then he brought water to wash the young man's hands and set it before him.

Kneeling down, he felt the young man's feet, and found that they were very cold. So he washed them in water, dried them gently, and then warmed them in the folds of his gown.

"You must stay to take food," he said to the young man.

"Nay," said the other, "I must go onward; for the way is long, and my home is very far from here. I cannot stay."

"But you must not go until you have taken food," said Cuthbert gently. Then he laid the table, and went away to get some nice new bread for the meal.

When he came back there was no one

in the room. He went to the door and looked out across the snow; but he found no footsteps nor any sign to show which way the stranger had gone.

He turned back into the room, and found it full of a sweet smell like that of bread newly baked. Then he looked towards the table, and saw three loaves lying upon it.

When he touched them he found that they were quite warm; and he saw that they were finer and whiter than had ever been seen on earth.

"I see," he said, "that God has sent an angel, not to be fed by us, but to feed us."

"Never yet did I see such loaves, for they are whiter than lilies to the eye; they are sweeter than roses in scent; and no honey ever tasted so sweet on the tongue."

After this Cuthbert was still kinder to poor men who came to the house to beg for help.

"As my Master loved the weary and the sick," he said, "so must I love them too."

A Few Conundrums.

(Sent in by some of our Readers.)

WHICH is the coldest river?

Ans. The Isis (ice is).

(BESSIE POPE.)

WHAT is that which plays when it works, and works when it plays?

Ans. A fountain.

(ETHEL POPE.)

WHAT is the difference between a burglar and a man wearing a wig?

Ans. One has false keys and the other has false locks.

(MARIE HAMMOND.)

WHY is poultry farming always profitable?

Ans. Because for every grain the fowls take they give a peck.

(MARY POOLER.)

WHAT is it that stands on one leg and has its heart in its head?

Ans. A cabbage.

(MAY JARVIS.)



CHAPTER I.

THEY ARRIVE !

"THAT postman," thought Mr. Robert Bellfield, "seems excited to-night."

Certainly the bell was pealing very loudly through the house. Tinkle, tinkle, clutter! Mr. Bellfield unfolded his paper, settled himself more comfortably in his arm-chair, and began reading the leading article. He always made a point of reading the *Morning Post* after breakfast and the *Times* after supper. Mr. Bellfield had finished supper half an hour ago.

He was wondering whether the postman was bringing him any letters as he heard Louisa go to the door. Louisa was his housekeeper, who managed his house and the other two maids, Hetty and Rose. If truth be told, she managed Mr. Bellfield too!

As a rule Hetty opened the door to the postman, but lately Louisa had done it herself, as she found Hetty too fond of gossiping to young Walter. Louisa made it a rule that no one should gossip but herself!

Mr. Bellfield was just reading the Parliamentary news when he heard a peal of laughter, followed by a sound of hasty footsteps. The next moment his snugger door had been flung open, and there stood Louisa, the picture of dismay, with three children crowding behind her. Children who, in the gayest of voices, proclaimed the fact that they had arrived.

Mr. Bellfield rose in haste, his beloved *Times* fluttering to the ground. "Who? What? How? What does it mean?" he stammered. "What children are these, Louisa?"

Louisa stepped forward, and that gave three people behind her their chance.

There was a rush, a peal of laughter, and three delighted young persons flung themselves upon the little old gentleman with grey hairs and spectacles.

"Aunt Cynthia sent us," cried one.

"We didn't like London," added another.

"So we've come to stay with *you*," laughed the third.

Mr. Bellfield collapsed into his chair. "To stay with *me*?" he echoed faintly.

Louisa stood stiff as a Grenadier Guard. "If it's a mistake, sir," she hinted, "I'll stop the cabman from bringin' in the luggage."

The three visitors were round on her in a twinkling. "But the luggage must come in," they chorused; "it's *ours*. We've come to stay with Uncle Bob."

Uncle Bob indeed. Mr. Bellfield passed his hand across his brow. "Is it possible," he groaned, "you are Aurelia's children?"

The eldest of the trio, a merry, handsome boy of thirteen, nodded gaily. "Sure thing!" he applauded. "We are. I'm Noel, thirteen last birthday; this is Ann, she's twelve; and Cornelius, called Con, is eleven. Aunt Cynthia said she'd have us for three months before Mother and Dad came over to settle around in England for a while. Aunt Cyn found we didn't fit in her house; so after Con and I helped the lame crossing-sweep and the cat's-meat man, she said she thought Cornwall would agree with our animal spirits best. And we won't be the least bother."

"We didn't get much to eat on the train," hinted Con sadly. "Noel lost most of the spare travelling money. Somehow I guess buns don't fill up real well."

I believe that was the luckiest thing Con could have said. He had rather a wistful way, too, which appealed to people like Louisa. It matched his blue eyes and curls, but it didn't give any one the idea that Con's imagination was rich where mischief was concerned.

Ann was not pretty. Her hair was nearly red, her face was freckled, and her nose tip-tilted; but you had only to look at Ann to be sure you would like her. She was the picture of good temper. *Jolly* was the word that suited Ann.

"I'll have to see about a meal," said Louisa. "We can't let the children starve howinsoever."

"Can we help?" asked Ann. "We're used to it at home. I could fry some eggs easy, and Con could lay the cloth."

"Would it help," added Noel, "if I slept in the garden? If I had a rug it would do fine. Don't bother about a bed for me."

Louisa shook her head most decidedly. "Supper you shall have, my dears," said she. "And beds you shall have; but I can't stand

having you all worritin' round when I'm in a fair whirl to begin with. You stay in here with your uncle, and when your meal's ready Hetty'll come for you."

And off went Louisa, calling to Hetty and Rose to come at once to her help.

All very well for Louisa! But what of Uncle Bob? *He* did not get over the shock of invasion nearly so easily. In fact, he grew more and more depressed as he viewed his young relations.

"I must write," he said, "to your Aunt Cynthia to explain how impossible it will be for me to take you in. I understand she told your mother she would have you. Really, when people make an offer they must fulfil their promise."

Ann came and perched on the side of his chair. "Dear old Uncle Bob," she coaxed, "I know just how you feel. Guess you'd like to bundle us all out right now. But you'll soon change your mind. It was different in London. You couldn't expect us to come 'way over from a farm in California and remember to put gloves on every time you poked your nose outside the door. It wasn't only gloves, either. It was our manners. Aunt Cynthia said her nerves would be wrecked in a month. We don't know what was wrong, 'cepting we thought the only safe thing would be to put us under glass cases, or chain us up. London's fierce, anyway."

"S'pose you try us for a week," said Noel seriously. "And if we're too bad you might send us across to some old farmer. Con and I could work, and Ann could scrub. Say?"

Uncle Bob did not say anything. He only flapped weakly, like an elderly cod fish in a fishing net. He was really glad when Hetty came in to say supper was ready. It gave him a chance to collect his thoughts. When they were collected, he sat down and wrote a letter to his sister Cynthia pointing out that he did not feel justified in asking a woman of Louisa's age to be troubled with the care and worry of three children. He did not say a word about himself, but pleaded the cause of Louisa eloquently. He added that his niece and nephews would be returned to Porchester Terrace within the week. After stamping the envelope Mr. Bellfield felt better. He might survive four tumultuous days, but—three months! He wrote "*urgent*" on the corner of the envelope, and put it in his pocket. No one would be trusted with the posting of that letter but himself.

Meantime the invaders were enjoying life—and Cornish pasty. Of course they never had tasted Cornish pasty before, and they could not have believed anything more delicious had ever been invented, unless it was Louisa's jam puffs.

"I guess," said Con, "I could go on eating them for ever." And he smiled angelically on Louisa as he spoke.

That smile decided Louisa that it would be downright cruel to send such children packing. Con's smile was so trustful, so sweet, so full of friendly admiration that Louisa's heart was won. "It's a lucky thing as I always air the sheets when they come back from the wash," she said; "so no fear of any of you poor lambs catching cold. And as to unpacking, we'll leave it till the morning, for tired out you must be."

It was wise of those invaders not to disagree. They so easily could have done so! Indeed, they would have liked to explain that it would be best to "run off" Cornish pasties and pies by an exploration of the coast and a glimpse of the moors; but those children were far too wise to make such a mistake. They recognized in Louisa a master mind, and obeyed readily. Within half an hour they were sleeping like lambs, and Louisa was standing looking down on them with some soft, warm feeling at her heart which was quite pleasant.

"Bless their hearts," said Louisa, "there's nothing after all like children in the house!" And down she went to bustle Hetty and Rose about, and plan breakfast on an enlarged scale.

If you think those children were *lic-abeds* on the first day of their coming to a real English seaside place, you are mistaken.

Ann was the first to be out and about, busy with unpacking. The boys sometimes called Ann "Motherkin" for fun. She was so like a little old mother at times, and she could be a clever little mother too. So it wasn't just "muddling" with them when she unpacked, and so quiet was she that even Louisa's sharp ears did not hear her. When she had finished her own unpacking, Ann invaded the boys' room. Noel was brushing his hair. Con was putting on his shoes. They greeted Ann in subdued ecstasy.

"The sea!" they gasped. "Say, Sis, look at it! And rocks. Just wait till we get out. Some place! No more London."

Ann was handling boots, socks, shirts, energetically. "Look here, boys," she urged; "we're located here, but we must be careful not to worry around. Uncle Bob's old; Louisa's old; I guess the cat's old, and ev'rything else. We must take care not to shout and bring in too much mud. Then Uncle Bob won't fix up to be rid of us."

They agreed gaily. Neither Noel nor Con could quite understand any one wanting to be rid of them. At Golden Vale Farm, out in California, they had been nicknamed "The

Sunshine Children." They had been welcomed everywhere. Why not here?

In the meantime the thrill of future explorations was with them. Ann was "helped," and the work done before even Hetty's alarm went off. In late August days begin to creep in, and yet early mornings are perfect. At least so said the invaders, who rushed wildly down to the shore.

Claudeen owns one of the wildest and loveliest of coves on the Cornish coast. What a coast, too! Higgle-dy-piggle-dy rocks invited a scramble; mysterious caves in the broken cliffs shouted for explorations; and dancing wavelets sang to these joyous comrades to come for a romp.

"Let's paddle," screamed Ann.

"Climb," cried Noel.

"Swim," urged Con.

They began by paddling, then climbed, then explored. They tiptoed into deep caves, and pointed to heathery moors, wondering whether they ever *would* find time in three months to do all they wanted to do. Of course they slipped and tumbled, half drowned themselves and then dried in the sunshine, reached Rock Grange in a state of ravenous hunger and the gayest spirits.

Louisa had discovered the unpacking of Ann and the tidiest of bedrooms with surprise. The quietness of the house appealed to her. She was so impressed by the thoughtfulness of those invaders that she spoke to Uncle Bob. "Better children, sir," said she, "I couldn't wish. And Cornwall's the place for them. I wouldn't have Miss Aurelia—begging her pardon, Mrs. Winshaw—think they could have been other than welcome."

Mr. Bellfield hesitated. "I have written," he hinted, "solely on your account, Louisa, to tell my sister, Mrs. Parchell, that the children will return on Friday."

Louisa raised hands of horror. "It couldn't be done, sir," she protested. "And that little fair gentleman, Master Con, looking so delicate. Why, London 'ud kill him in a month, and I'd look on meself as a murderer, no less."

Mr. Bellfield fingered his letter guiltily. "I have written—" he began.

Louisa smiled. "I'm thinking the letter, sir, will not be posted," said she.

And Louisa was right. Uncle Bob was admiring his hydrangeas when barefooted invaders swooped on him.

"Dear Uncle Bob," they cried, "we love Claudeen, we love the coast, we love everything. And oh! *how* we wish we were going to live here more than three months."

It was then and there that Uncle Bob tore up that letter.

CHAPTER II.

MISS SPINTON'S DOG.

I BELIEVE, when the Winshaw children wrote to describe Claudeen to their mother, they said it was the loveliest place in the world, and that they feared when she and Dad came over to join them they would all finally burst with delight. In the meantime, they were as happy as enthusiasm could make them.

"It's the first of September to-morrow," said Noel. "I wish we had come right here instead of going to London. There's so much to do, I guess I don't know where to begin!"

"I wish Hetty or Louisa would let me help in the house," quoth Ann. "It seems as if we oughtn't to be playing *all* day long."

"Wait till we go to English schools," sighed Con, who was a terrible dunce. "I reckon we won't like that. It's better to play when we have the chance."

"Exploring isn't exactly playing," said Noel cheerily. "We might find something worth while—human bones, or buried jewels, or a mysterious secret cave. I was talking to old Peter Tregallan yesterday, and he told me stories about the places round. There's a mermaid's cave, where his great-grandfather saw the mermaid; and a kind of haunted mill, where the smugglers held the place against excisemen; and Fairies' Valley, near Penarton. Peter's grand when you start him talking. I know I'd rather be a Cornish fisherman when I grow up than anything."

The others took no notice of this last remark, as Noel had wanted to be nearly everything there was to be, from Texas cowboy to ship's lad!

"I was talking to Rose," said Ann. "She's lived here all her life, and I guess she thought people in America lived on Brazil nuts and dressed like Red Indians. But she was telling me *such* a sad tale about Miss Spinton's dog. Miss Spinton lives in the little house way back from the village, and sells sweets an' picture postcards. She's quite well off really, but she hides her money in her stocking, so Rose says, and is so mean she starves her dog, Cluny, saying if she feeds him too well he won't be sharp after burglars."

"Starves!" echoed Noel in horror. "Do you really mean *starves*?"

"Rose said so," replied Ann. "She says you can count the bones in the poor thing's body, and she reckons the people who stops cruelty to animals ought to locate it."

"It's awful," said Con. "Fancy being starved!"

He said it so solemnly that the others could not help laughing. Con took such great care not to be in that state of hunger himself.

"I've got a dollar," said Noel. "At least, it's two half-crowns. Aunt Cynthia's cousin gave it me as a tip. Let's get that dog and take it to the butcher. He can have some meal for a dollar."

"If he's starved," replied Ann, "it mightn't be very safe to take him to the butcher in case he helped himself. S'pose we get his dinner first and put it in that little shed place at the bottom of Uncle's garden. Then we can fetch Cluny along."

This sounded quite a wise suggestion, and off went the three to the butcher.

You might not think it would take very long to buy a dollar's worth of meat, but then you don't know Mr. Polgraint, the butcher of Clauden. He had heard of the new arrivals at Rock Grange, and was as full of curiosity as the rest of the villagers to see the "foreigners." He grinned a friendly grin on the youthful customers, who responded with wide smiles.

"A dollar's worth of dog's meat, little master," said John Polgraint. "And what may that be?"

It was not very easy, even for Noel, to understand the deep burring accent of the Cornish dialect, but Ann, the shrewdest of the three, produced the half-crowns.

"Those—for meat," she explained. "Reckon we don't mind what sort. It's for a dog."

The butcher beamed. "She's a beautiful piece of meat," he declared, slapping a large—oh, yes, *quite* a large—piece of meat on to the weigh-

ing machine, "from one of Squire Treleen's own oxen. She'll eat tender as lamb, you'll find, and I'm charging you less than I'd charge the Squire's lady. For don't we all respect Mr. Bellfield? And is it true you're Miss Aurelia's own childer?"

"Yes," said Ann; "and we are staying at Rock Grange for a long time. Guess we'll be real friends before we go back to California. And

thank you for letting us have the meat cheap."

And I believe Johnny Polgraint, who had never been known to let any one have meat *cheap* in his life, felt quite a conscience prick as he met the friendly gaze of three pairs of eyes.

"If you'd like a couple of trotters," he said, "I'll make no charge. It's the pleasure of seeing your bright faces. I'll remember this day. And a happy holiday, my dears."

"What a nice man," said Con, as they walked back. "I wish he had been a grocer, and not a butcher. Do you remember Jake at the Stores who gave us biscuits?"

Of course they remembered Jake! Was he not the best of friends to them all when they went with Mother once a month to the township to buy stores? They

were laughing over old jokes with the storekeeper as they reached the little shop, with its sweets ranged inside the window.

It is wonderful how many difficulties can rise in the way of giving a neighbour's dog its dinner.

Ann was sent in to buy queer pink peppermint candies, whilst the boys located the dog kennel. It really felt rather like a burglary, and Ann stood nervously first on one leg then on another as Miss Spinton put the candies in a bag and asked what price apples fetched in California,



THEY TIPTOED INTO DEEP CAVES.

and whether it was true all the fruit was put into tins out there.

A yelp distracted Miss Spinton's attention, and the pence of Ann's change rolled over the floor as the thin-faced little spinster flung up mittened hands.

"Lovey-duck!" cried Miss Spinton, "it's strange boys carryin' off my dog Cluny! Where's the police? Where's Dan Confort?"

Ann did not answer. She had grabbed those dusty pence and fled headlong. Noel and Con had tempted Cluny, the mongrel, with bits of biscuit—left from yesterday's journey. Already they had reached the wood beyond Uncle Bob's garden, when Ann rushed after them.

"S-s-she's sent for the police," stuttered Ann. "Sh-she's in a raging temper. She's squeaking like a sick hen. We must make haste, or Cluny won't have his dinner."

"He must," said Noel firmly. "Look at those bones!" And he pointed to the poor mongrel's lean ribs. If Cluny was not a handsome animal he was certainly *pathetic*. The skin could not have stretched much tighter over his bones, and his brown eyes held that wistful, anxious look which so mutely told of hunger.

"I guess they can put us in prison if they like," said Con, "*afterwards*."

The shed where that juicy piece of meat, flanked by equally tasty trotters, awaited their hungry protégé was *quite* at the bottom of Mr. Bellfield's garden. To reach it without going round by the front gate meant breaking through the hedge.

"Look here, Ann," said Noel, as he heard sundry calls and shouts from the village, "that old cat is sure making a fuss. You take Cluny to the shed, and we'll lead that policeman off the track. Come, Con; it's some sport!"

Ann was quite ready for her part. She coaxed Cluny, who, having tasted biscuit, was only too ready to follow in the hope of more. Poor old dog! What a yelp he gave at sight of that dinner. *How* he "helped himself." Ann watched, giggling. It was fine to see Cluny gobbling. He was keeping one eye on Ann in the doorway, too, as if scared that danger threatened.

Meantime Noel and Con were leading poor Dan, the fat policeman, a nice game of hare and hounds. Dan puffed and blew and shouted, but he didn't catch the "dog thieves," who doubled after a short rest on an upturned boat, arriving back in time to see Cluny make short work of the last trotter.

Ann was quite anxious. "You don't think he'll burst, do you?" she asked. "I've been thinking of the girl who ate thirteen hot cross

buns and died. Anyhow, I guess he'll have indigestion."

"He's enjoying whatever he's got," retorted Noel. "Let's leave him to have a snooze. I wonder how the fat policeman is. I'm thinking he'll want his dinner."

It was rather startling to be told on their return to the Grange that Confort, the policeman, was talking to Uncle Bob.

"Way down upon the Swanee ribber,"

sang Con sweetly. He sang like a bird, and as joyously.

Ann tossed back her hair. "Cluny is happy," said she.

Hetty gaped. It was the first time Dan had ever visited the Grange in an official capacity, and she was feeling nervous. "Louisa's worried," she said, "and the master's flustered. Dan he said Miss Spinton was hollering that you'd stole her dog."

"Pooh!" mocked Noel. "*Stolen*, indeed! I only wish some one could buy it!" Then he marched right in on Uncle Bob and his visitor.

Dan Confort was a-grin from ear to ear when he heard the story. The only part which distressed him was to think of five shillings' worth of meat being thrown away on a mongrel. "That dawg," he said, "would eat his own shadow if he could get it. We all pity him. I'm not zure that you young folk hessend done a kindness."

"The old shop girl ought to be starved herself," said Noel. "And so ought every one who allowed it. Guess it's real mean when Cluny couldn't speak. And she oughtn't to have him back."

Noel's eyes flashed as he spoke, and his chin went up. He really looked as if he meant to fight for that starved dog's rights.

"Selina Spinton has the law wi' she," said Dan.

"And *we*," quoth Noel, "have the dog!"

Uncle Bob put on his hat. "I think, Dan," he said, "we will first see the dog, and then Miss Spinton."

It was a good suggestion, for Cluny the starveling pleaded his own cause even better than Noel had done, and Uncle Bob walked quite briskly down to the village, leaving two nephews and a niece seated in a row along the garden wall awaiting his return.

The sight of Uncle Bob climbing the hill was the signal for a direct charge, and the poor little old gentleman staggered under the rush, as eager hands grabbed him and shrill young voices shouted questions in his ears.

"Are we going to prison?"

"Is that old girl sorry?"

"Has Cluny to go home?"

"One at a time," pleaded Uncle Bob. "Not quite so many questions, my dears. Selina Spinton was a trifle difficult, but it has ended in my purchasing Cluny—only remember, he is *not* to be allowed to worry Louisa by coming into the house."

"Hurrah!" yelled Noel. "Hurrah! Cluny is ours. Hurrah for Uncle Bob! Hurrah!"

Away they whirled, laughing, singing, shouting, leaving Uncle Bob to return and break the news as gently as he could to Louisa. He knew Louisa would not be pleased, and he was right. Louisa spent the next few hours with her face tied in red flannel. She said it was toothache. Louisa always did get toothache when her temper was upset—it had become quite a recognized ailment; and it was as much as Hetty and Rose could do to keep straight faces when Ann came creeping to the kitchen with a small bottle of toothache mixture.

"You put three drops on wool and put it in your tooth, Louisa," said sympathetic Ann, "and the pain will go. It's wonderful. The man who invented it made a pile of dollars. You try!"

And, whether Louisa tried or no, it is certain that she laid aside her red flannel before tea and made those audacious children some of her famous rock cakes.

And the children expressed their gratitude by eating a week's supply in one day!

(To be continued.)

Motto for January.

*Our greatest glory is not in never falling,
but in rising every time we fall.*—CONFUCIUS.

Sent in by MARJORIE WARREN,
St. Dominic's School, High Street,
Harpenden, Herts,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Other Good Mottoes.

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sent in by MARY RAWSON, St. Dominic's School.

Reflect that life,

Like every other blessing, derives its value

From its use alone.

BEN JONSON.

Sent in by EDITH JOHNSON, St. Dominic's School.

Gems from the Poets.

A Winter Picture.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-suppressed
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

WILLIAM COWPER.

If I had but Two Little Wings.

IF I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I'd fly:

I'm always with you in my sleep!

The world is all one's own.

But then one wakes, and where am I?

All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:

So I love to wake ere break of day:

For though my sleep is gone,

Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,

And still dreams on.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Our Competitions.

Special Competition.

(See October Number, 1922, page 110.)

JUDGE'S NOTES.

A MAXIMUM of 100 marks was fixed, and the number of marks gained by each school is indicated in the appended list of awards, which will be seen to be arranged in order of merit. Names of individual prize-winners follow the list of schools, and the Editress wishes to congratulate all who have been successful.

The school at the head of the list has achieved splendid results with pupils *who have had to learn English*, and their use of our mother tongue is little short of wonderful, while their sentiments do credit to their heads and their hearts.

Competitors are advised to *stick to the question*. Many excellent papers were marked low because the writers wandered from the point. Several competitors seemed to think the Editress was thirsting for indiscriminate praise. She was not. She *wants help* in making *The Children's Paper* please its patrons. Many valuable suggestions were offered, and some of these will be acted upon in the near future.

Book prizes will be dispatched in due course.

PRIZES FOR SCHOOLS.

Mile End, Settles Street L.C.C. (G.) School, E. 1 (76).
Castlemere Central School, Rochdale (75).
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge (72).
Halford Road (G.) School, North End Road, Walham Green, S.W. (66).
St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lanes. (66).
Mount School, Kersal, Manchester (66).

Salter's Hill Girls' School, West Norwood, S.E. 27 (59).
Rice Lane Council School (58). St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts (57). St. Marie's School, Market Street, Bury (56). Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop (54). Wrockwardine Wood Church of England Girls' School, Wellington, Salop (52). Chester Road Council School (Boys), New Ferry, Cheshire (50). St. Peter's Girls' School, Parkstone, Dorset (48). Harthill Church of England School, near Chester (47).

PRIZES FOR INDIVIDUAL WORK.

Margaret Ward, Jack Chadwick, Stanley L. Hughes, and Eleanor Riley, Castlemere Central School, Rochdale; Annie Tresser, Florence Lazarus, Sarah Myrovitch, Miriam Shindergrin, Annie Spanglet, Settles Street School, London, E. 1.; May Howard, St. Peter's Girls' School, Parkstone, Kent; Polly Dean and Edith Brindle, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Noel Jones, Mary Nicholls, John Hickton, and Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Helena Barr and Peggy Maclean, Hotham Road School, Putney, S.W. 15; Edith Williamson, Lister Street School, West Hartlepool; William Turner, Bamford Road Council School, Heywood.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your

answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than January 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for January.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Supposing a kind old gentleman died and left you a legacy of £100 to use just as you liked. Write an essay describing what you would do with it.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of a taxi-cab, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 = 100.

It is required to place arithmetical signs between the nine figures so that they shall equal 100. Of course you must not alter the present numerical arrangement of the figures. Can you find a correct solution?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Tell in your own words the story of the conversion of St. Paul.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Look carefully at the picture on page 15, and make up a little story about it.

HIDDEN ENGLISH RIVERS.

Each of the following sentences contains the name of an English river. For example, You did that well *and* you will do it better next time.—(Ans. Welland.)

1. That will do very well indeed.
2. What do you think I saw yesterday?
3. A pound is a measure of weight.
4. Enid dreamt a strange dream.
5. I found the fair extremely dull.
6. A shudder went round the terrified group.
7. Mother! we have burst our new balloon.
8. Cross children vex every one.
9. What a wonderful sunset!
10. Dora sits beside Edith.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a Chinese lantern, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

aabcedeeffiilmnoprrsttty.

For Children under Ten only.**LETTER COMPETITION.**

Write a letter to the Editress describing the most enjoyable day you spent during your holidays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a box of chocolates, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

Prize List for November.**PORTRAIT COMPETITION.**

The portraits in the November issue represented the following people: Sir Walter Raleigh, Prince Ranjitsinhji, King Henry VIII., Lord Tennyson, George Eliot, and Earl Haig.

The marks for this competition have been recorded for each competitor month by month as the solutions have come in, and they have now been added together. Out of a possible total of 36 marks (6 marks for six months), the following competitors have gained 25 marks or over, and a book prize has been awarded to each of them:—

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent (31 marks).
2. (Equal—29 marks), Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembridge Gardens, W. 2; Walter Bowdler, Joseph Clay, William Edwards, Annie Jarvis, Harry Jones, Mary Pooler, Olive Overton, Marjorie Stevenson, and Joseph Taylor, all at Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.
3. (Equal—28 marks), Beattie Hammond, Bessie Pope, and Bert Overton, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.
4. (25 marks), Marie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

HIDDEN RIVERS COMPETITION.

(The solutions were as follows: *Aln, Usk, Wear, Tamar, Tyne, Trent, Eden, Thames or Witham, Ouse, Tees*. As hundreds of correct answers were received, only the very neatest can be mentioned in the prize list.)

Prize-Winners.—Gladys Tiller, (2), Valley Girls' School,

Bromley, Kent. Wilfrid D. D. Fenton, 29 Braid Road, Edinburgh. Lily Dewhurst, 16 Mills Hill, Middleton, Manchester. Harold J. Garland, 53 South Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

Honourable Mention.—Arnold P. Austin, Chorltoncum-Hardy; Fred Thompson and Leonard Biggs, New Ferry; Marjory Spooner, Salter's Hill Girls' School; Jennie Semple, Strabane; Edith Horne, Manchester; John M'Mullin, Dunadry; Sheila Wythe, Ilford; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley; Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School; George Hassall and Joe Taylor, Kemberton School; Ethel Welham, Ipswich; Riddle Coulson, Cramlington; James M'Donald, Greenisland; Stanley Reid, Sauchen; Dorothy A. Brown, Gateshead; Molly Cooney, Lochee; Joan Fellows, Earl's Court, S.W.; Phyllis Spoor, Liverpool; James R. Henderson, Biggar; James Wight, Glasgow.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

Prize - Winners.—John Clive N. Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Annie Baines, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. Connie Strowlger, 86 Bramford Road, Ipswich.

Honourable Mention.—Nancy Ridick, Fulham, S.W.; Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School; Walter Evans and Leslie Jenkins, New Ferry; Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School; Alice Mary Blackwell, Oughtibridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Prize - Winners.—Norah C. Hitchin, Green Bank, Pannal, Harrogate. Molly Cotton, 16 Cleave Road, Gillingham, Kent. Edward Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Gwilliam, Barton, Bristol; Frank Shaughnessy, Bury; Arthur Fairclough, Adlington; Alice Faulkner, Middleton; Joyce Williams-

Wynn, St. Asaph; Florence Benson, West Hartlepool; Gladys Tiller, Valley Girls' School.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Florence Ivy Gale, 35 Micklethwaite Road, Fulham. Arthur Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. Bernard



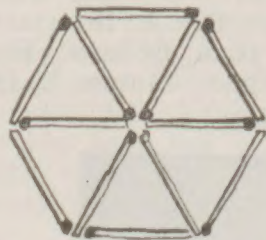
"SEE WHAT MOTHER HAS BROUGHT HOME."—Meyer von Bremen.

Coligan, 41 Shepherd Street, Bury, Lancashire. Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Harry Mullineaux and Eric Bramwell, Adlington; Cissie Owen, Fulham; Jean Morgan, Lenzie; Ronald C. Sams, London; Lizzie M'Laren, Bury; Mary Weir, Chapelhall.

THE SIX SHEEP-PENS COMPETITION.

Quite a few different solutions of this problem were sent in, but some of them were not quite right, as they would require some of the hurdles to be longer than others. The following is the neatest solution.



Prize-Winners.—Harold Hewley, 40 Longford Road, Reddish. Mary Bott, Birchfield, Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop. James Wright, 48 Mount Street, Shawlands, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; Don Minett, Leicester; Nellie Wilkinson, Blackburn; Vera Lawson, Sheffield; Edward J. S. Cooper, Bighton, near Alresford; Lena Murray, Glasgow; John M'Iraith, Belfast.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton. Freda C. Williams, Daviesites, Charterhouse, Godalming. John Pitt, 3 Summer View, Kidderminster.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Bott, Newport, Salop; Ralph Wilcock, Burnley; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School; Reggie Beach, Rubery, Birmingham; Joe Wright, Bury.

PICTURE STORY COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Janie Armstrong Low, "Bengairn," Bishopbriggs, near Glasgow. Nellie Loudell, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent. Ronald Gilbert, 16 Antrobus Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. Evelyn Hopgood, Valley Girls' School, Shortlands, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Doreen I. Buss, Midhurst; Emmeline Houston, Convoy, County Donegal; Edward Trotman, Sunderland; Gertrude Hammond, Southfields, S.W.; Dorothy A. Brown, Gateshead; Joyce Williams-Wynn, St. Asaph; Bertram Jones, Kidderminster; Margaret Casey, Dundee; Elsie Falconer, Edinburgh; Ivan Stoyke, Foggintor, near Princetown; Annie Manning, Harthill Church of England School; Kathleen Edwards, Cardiff; Olive Simmonds, Wrockwardine Wood Church of England School.

A Welcome Letter.

THE Editress was very glad to receive the following interesting letter, and is equally delighted to print it. She wishes to say that the typing is very well done, but suggests to Deirdre that it would be advisable to learn to write well, because typewriters are heavy things and cannot always be obtained; for they do not fly about like things in dreams—fortunately for most of us. A very small pebble in the air is bad enough, but a typewriter!

BICKNOLLER, BATH,
November 17, 1922.

MY DEAR EDITRESS,

I have a little story I would like to tell you; it is a dream.

I dreamt there was Father Christmas and there was a sort of Black Figure. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and the Black Figure was a kind of person who when children were naughty took one of their favourite toys from them and gave it to the good children on Christmas Eve. There was a group of children playing, and one little girl laughed at the Black Figure as it walked past, and pointed and giggled. And then she saw her favourite doll floating towards the Black Figure, and she ran after him and tried to get it from him; and then the other children laughed at her. But they got their punishment, for when they laughed they saw all their favourite toys floating away towards the Black Figure; and then it disappeared with all the toys, and gave them to Father Christmas; and the good children got a second stocking with these toys in them. The bad children only had birch rods in their stockings.

I am typing this myself, because I write so badly. I was helped only with spelling and stops.

Yours affectionately,

DEIRDRE STORR (nearly 9).

A REQUEST.

SHOW this copy of "The Children's Paper" to a friend who has never seen it before. If he (or she) wishes to become a Subscriber it will be well to begin with the **January Number** because of the Serial. Don't you think so?

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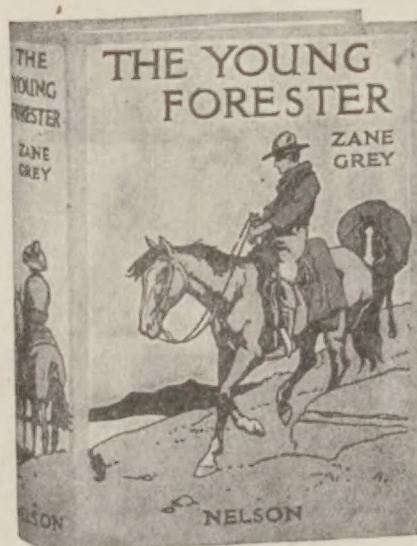
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